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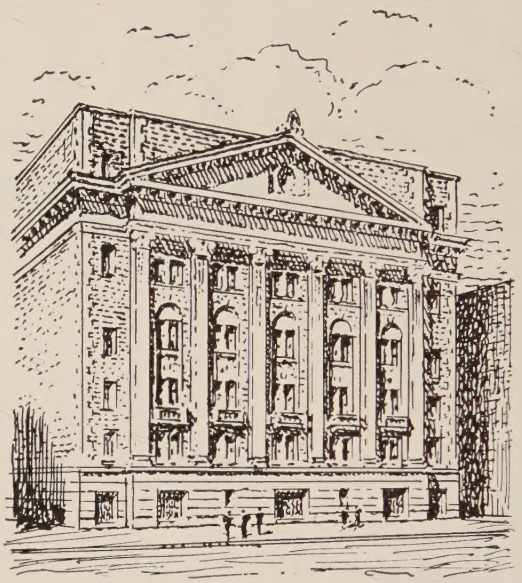
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

By concentrating on the negative qualities of our enemies we vanquished them. Now let us concentrate on all the positive qualities, the common interests, the common ideals that should and can bind us together in this great battle for peace.

—Jan Masaryk



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **July, 1948** *Number 4*

For My Fireplace

Pine bough, pine bark,
Cone and yellow wood,
Drenched with forest fragrances
Found in solitude;
Filled with summer breezes,
Song of bird and bee:
As you burn upon my hearth
Give them back to me.

Give me thunder of the surf
Sounding on your shore:
Give me whisper of the fog—
Give me this and more:
Drip of rain from off your boughs:
Gold of summer sun,
Give me peace of summer dusk
When the day is done.

Pine bough, pine bark,
Yellow wood and cone,
Send your tongues of tangled flame
High against my stone.
Let me listen as I dream,
Knowing that I hear
All the sounds the pine has heard
Listening through the year.

Harry Noyes Pratt
from "Desk Drawer Anthology"

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

* * *

This Church holds services regularly from the middle of September until the middle of June

* * *

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Chicago's well-known Pastor

Commentator, Author, Traveler and Humanitarian

SPEAKS EVERY SUNDAY

During the Church season the entire service is broadcast over station WJJD from 11 to 12:30 every Sunday morning.

From Sunday, June 20, through Sunday, September 12, WJJD will broadcast a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley every Sunday morning from 11 to 11:15 by electrical transcription.

* * *

The Good—The True—The Beautiful

Our Only Creed

* * *

Church School of Religious Education meets every Sunday during Church season at 9:30. Classes for all ages.

Opening 1948-49 Season, Sunday, September 19th

(See Church Activities, page 22)

"I AM AN AMERICAN"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
May 16, 1948

ALL over America today churches of every denominational emphasis and religious loyalty, Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, are observing what has been, by national proclamation of the President of the United States, designated as "I Am An American Day." The day had its origin, interestingly enough, in our own Midwest, at Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The citizens up in our neighboring State, which has had so many progressive and creative innovations in government and citizenship, some years ago conceived the idea that we were not giving sufficient importance to the fact that hundreds of people born in other parts of the world, in other nations, when they met the qualifications required by the United States, and after careful scrutiny as to their motives and educational equipment and their understanding of the American processes, were finally honored by being permitted to take the Oath of Allegiance to the United States and become citizens of the United States; that very little recognition was given to these people, on the part of those who were Americans by birth and who had been always a part of our American scene. They went to work upon the idea that something concrete could be done by way of recognizing this new citizenship and these new citizens. Then someone conceived the idea up in Manitowoc that there were hundreds and hundreds of young people who become of age every year and that they were going to be citizens in the larger sense of having the opportunity of voting in the elections of the nation, and they thought that even though these young people were born in the United Statess and automatically became citizens at the age of twenty-one, yet something ought to be done to give them some special recognition too. So they combined these two things, receiving the citizens by naturalization, and welcoming the new citizens by birth that had reached the age of twenty-one and who, by Act of Congress, became voting citizens. And Manitowoc planned on a Sunday a program of recognition and all who had been admitted to citizenship by naturalization, and all the young people who had become twenty-one years of age during the year and could vote at the next election, were given a special recognition.

It worked out as a community affair most successfully, and I think it was the very next year that Janesville took up the plan, Janesville, Wisconsin. Then my friend, Judge Harry Fox, formerly Probate Judge, and now elected Judge of the Circuit Court, (an expression of loyalty and appreciation on the part of the people), wrote to me and asked me if I would not come up and make the address at the observance in Janesville. I went, and I shall never forget the experience of the hundreds of people there in a great meeting of welcome and of appreciation.

Well, those experiments with the idea up there in Wisconsin attracted the attention of the national press, but it remained for the Hearst American, the newspaper of which Mr. Hearst had ownership and control, to pick up the idea and give it special emphasis and recognition which the little isolated

groups in these little communities could not possibly do, and Mr. Hearst did that and his newspapers throughout the nation—whatever you think of Mr. Hearst and his policies, whatever you think of his attitudes in political, social and economic life of the nation, I do not think that there is anyone, no matter how they might disagree with Mr. Hearst and his policies and the character, technique, and approach of his press—I do not think there is any of us who could possibly criticize what he has done in making "I am an American Day" a great national institution, beginning as it did in a small way until now it is recognized by the President of the United States by a special proclamation, and today is the day. At two o'clock this afternoon, with the Mayor of the City, the Governor of the State, and Dr. Mann, I shall speak in the Congress Plaza on Michigan Avenue. I thought it might be an opportunity for me and for our Church to associate ourselves together with those who are observing this Day, and that it might be an opportunitiy for me to say some things that I have been wanting to say and have not said but that have been burdens upon my heart, upon my very soul.

We are getting into a bad, bad situation in the world. It is vastly more serious than most people think, vastly more serious, until the seriousness of it sometimes becomes so stifling to me that I have hard work to think my way through at all. It is all so unnecessary; it is all so stupid, STUPID! It is a tragic thing in a person's life when that person awakens to the fact that what has happened to them, and what has happened in their life, need not have happened at all; when you feel completely and almost hopelessly frustrated, confused; when you awaken in your own consciousness to the feeling that it need not have happened at all. That is difficult when that awakening comes to an individual. Then when you apply the very same thing to the whole world and you look back fifteen, twenty-five, thirty years of the history through which you have lived and you realize, by the trend of contemporary events, that it need not have happened at all, it makes one think a little bit of that well known phrase of the poet, Longfellow, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these 'It might have been.'" I think the poet spoke more truth than he knew.

When you stand and look out, as I do these days, out of my little window of the world and realize how it all might have been different, that's the challenge. Well, we must be realists, we have to face the thing as we see it. Here it is. A thousand incidents happening in the life of the world in fifty different places on the globe at this hour, any one of which might be *THE ONE* that will set our world aflame! There are thousands happening now all over the world until there is a pressure, an imperative upon those of us who believe, as I believe with all my heart and soul, that *YOU CANNOT SETTLE THEM BY WAR, YOU NEVER SETTLE THEM BY WAR, NEVER! NEVER!! NEVER!!!* That's no solution! Almost every page of human history will tell you that! Every page of it!

I wonder, in the time which is left for America to demonstrate its greatness . . . I wonder how great we are, I wonder how courageous we are? After all, I am not worried about our ability to build jet planes; that does not worry me, we will build them. I am not worried about America's ability to find the executive capacity and the cooperative hands of productive labor in the event of World War. I am not worried about America's ability to

build out of our potentiality a powerful equipment for the devastation of our enemies—I am not worried about that. We can do that. I am not worried about the basic patriotism of Americans in that hour if our passions are flamed and fanned into hate again. I know what we will do—I am not worried about that. I know we will turn our pulpits into recruiting stations again. I know what we will do when our hearts are inflamed against our enemies—that does not worry me, not at all. We Americans have a way of winning our wars, that's traditional with us; we will win the next one too —I am not worried about that—we will win it. *WE SHALL FIND A BANKRUPT WORLD IN THAT VICTORY! WE SHALL FIND A DEVASTATED EARTH; THERE WILL NOT BE ONE LOVELY, BEAUTIFUL THING LEFT IN THE WORLD! OUR VICTORY WILL BE SO BITTER THAT ONLY THE MOST CRUEL HEART CAN EVER ENJOY ITS FRUITS!* There will be no playing bands, no welcoming, shouting hosts, no glamour, no romance, no drama, when that victory comes. It is a different world now, and it will be a different war. We shall drown millions of little children in the ghastly gases of disintegration; we shall kill the old, the infirm, and the poor. *WE WILL WIN THAT WAR,* I don't worry about that victory. *WHEN IT IS OVER, OUR FLAG WILL FLY FROM THE MASTHEAD AND THOSE WHO ARE LEFT WILL CRAWL OUT OF THEIR CAVES, THAT ARE ALREADY BEING CONSTRUCTED AS PROTECTION AGAINST GERMS AND GAS AND RADAR ACTIVITY—WE SHALL CRAWL OUT—WE SHALL BE THE VICTORS!* There is no doubt about that. None. We Americans can win wars; we will keep on winning them.

I wonder, *I WONDER,* if all the courage, and all the ability, and all the executive capacity, and all the productive potentiality . . . I wonder with all that America can do in a military moment . . . I wonder if we could find a little bit of that courage first? Whom am I talking about as our enemy? All the people of the world are watching a cold war, and all the people of this earth everywhere are greedily devouring every bulletin, every broadcast, every paper, everything, "How is it going?" "How is it going between Russia and the United States?" The peoples of the world who are to be killed, the peoples who are to be impoverished, the peoples of the world, the little peoples, the peoples, they are watching these two great nations, watching them, while the flames smolder that may set afire the powder magazines of the world and release the atom bombs to destroy the hovels in Palestine today. *A WORLD TREMBLES! HISTORY WAITS! WHAT A WEEK IT HAS BEEN! WHAT A WEEK! MOUNTAIN TOP! VALLEY! HEADLINES! RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES EXCHANGE OVERTURES FOR BETTER UNDERSTANDING, THE THING WE HAD ALL HOPED AND PRAYED FOR AND BELIEVED IN.* More than six months ago from this pulpit at a Sunday evening service, those here will remember what I said about the necessity of Mr. Stalin and Mr. Truman having a meeting at once—that was six months ago. You remember how we talked about time being the factor. Then you remember when Ambassador Smith and Mr. Molotov had that interchange of conversations, we breathed easily again. Then what happened? *POWER,* O, Ladies and Gentlemen, I must say this: I would be untrue to the future if I

did not, I would be condemned by my own conscience, I could not meet the boys from this Church who are dead in two wars, or the hundreds that will die in the next one—I never could meet them and hold my face up if I did not say what I am going to say now on this "I am an American Day." I have a right to say it!

What happened in that tremulous hour? Powerful military interests of America and of Russia, powerful international financiers behind the curtains, obscurely but effectively hidden, started their nefarious attack and from the pages of the newspapers of the country, from the radio commentators, from those who have the responsibility of creating public opinion, (which is the most powerful thing in a democracy, *PUBLIC OPINION,* and the most powerful people in a democracy are those who have the facilities for creating public opinion,) and in these tremulous days we are all surfeited and propagandized that Russia is using it as a propaganda measure and that we did not mean what we said, and the President of the United States, who could have created the psychological atmosphere for the beginning of understanding, refused to meet his high opportunity and played the game of world politics and world finance, played, Played, *PLAYED, AND GAMBLED WITH THE LIVES OF MILLIONS OF THE EARTH!*

As long ago as last January, Robert Murphy, formerly the political adviser to General Clay in Germany, was given overtures by Russia which he transmitted to the State Department only to meet a cold shoulder, while we spend our billions, and our billions, and our billions. To compromise with Russia? No. To foster anything that smatters of communism? No! No! But I say to you with all the solemnity of this day and this occasion that you never, in a million years, will eliminate communism by bullets! *YOU CANNOT KILL IDEAS WITH BULLETS!* There is no greater fallacy the mind of man has been swamped with than that the answer to the present problems of the world is another war. Where are the diplomats? Where are the well-tried diplomats, and we have them in America, who, because of a diabolical political situation in a presidential year, are being denied opportunity for the expression of their own ability in the field of diplomacy while we are at the mercy of generals, and soldiers, and military-minded men who think only in terms of power and force while the doddering old diplomats of the world get their world into their blind alley, up against a stone wall, and then these same incompetents turn to the youth of the world and say to them: "Well, we have done it again. Here we are. You have got to go, Youth, and save us. Get into a uniform! Go ahead, now, get into that uniform, you have got to save us again, our diplomacy has failed." *EVERY WAR IS THE GUILT OF DIPLOMATS WHO FAIL, AND IF AMERICA CANNOT FIND SOME DIPLOMATS TO CREATE A FAVORABLE ENVIRONMENT TO EVEN TALK ABOUT A WORLD WITHOUT WARS, THEN IT IS THE DUTY OF AMERICA AND OF AMERICANS TO GET RID OF THOSE DIPLOMATS AND THOSE FAILURES FROM TOP TO BOTTOM! THAT'S THE BUSINESS OF AMERICA! THAT'S PATRIOTISM!*

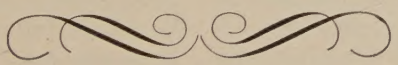
I do not think of patriotism and Americanism as simply braggadocio, a chip on our shoulder that we can whip the world. Of course, we can. I have no doubt about it. That is not patriotism to me, that is not patriotism or anything like it in this hour.

So, if this war comes are we still going to be led about and are we still going to have so much pride and lack of courage with the stakes involved,—and it is a gamble, and it is a treacherous situation, a most treacherous one, but not hopeless, not hopeless yet. . . . I don't know how many hours or days it may be, but not yet.

Do you know what I am going to do? I am not too old, at any rate I have got to the point in life where if anybody says sixty is old, I revolt immediately against it, but I have lived thru three wars. I remember those three wars vividly. I don't want to live thru another one, I have had enough. It is a most stupid, foolish, useless institution. It is spawned in hell.

What do we mean by the "open door, still open" for conferences and diplomacy? Let's say to Russia and say it officially, "You get out of Greece, and we will get out! You get out of China, and we will! You get out of Korea, and we will get out! Let's leave the peoples of the world untouched by either of these two great powers, to settle their own political destinies. That would require courage, would it not? In the countries of Greece, of Yugoslavia, of Czechoslovakia, of Poland, of Austria, of Korea, of China! . . . suppose Mr. Stalin and Mr. Truman should agree that we will pull out, both of us, out of the countries, and let the people have honest, free elections themselves. I don't know what it would do, but it would postpone the acuteness of the present situation for six months or a year and that would give us time to get some leadership! That would give us time, a little breathing spell; but if it is inevitable and happens, I will tell you what I am going to do, right in this pulpit; there may not be anybody here to hear it, I shall be very unpopular. It does not matter now any more, I don't care. But I am going to advocate from this pulpit at every opportunity, and do it in Washington and find somebody to get it working in Congress . . . do you know what I am going to do? I am going to advocate as a part of the draft, and there will be a draft for that purpose, that we draft every man in the United States over fifty first. Take us all, we who have muffed the ball doing the voting and the running of the country. Take us, we old men who can't make a decent world for young people to live in and get to the point where we have to go on our knees again and say, "We want you, young man, we are going to rot you and break your spine in two, you have got to fight for us again." Good God! who has a better right to say when the next war will come and what it will be about than the men who are to die in it? Who has? So, watch out, you men over fifty. I think a good purge would be good for the nations of the world, a good one.

I am an American, born in America. This freedom which I enjoy I brought with me from the womb of my mother —all the freedom I have and have had, it was beautiful. Perhaps it did not cost me enough to make me appreciate it. Perhaps if it does, I shall evaluate it more highly.



The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THERE seems to be no character in the life of our nation and our people who arouses the ire and antagonism and criticism of some people as does the character of Thomas Paine. Whenever I have spoken about him I have received letters from people who, I assume, are tender-hearted, loving Christian people, yet they indicate that Christianity by the amount of vituperation they pour forth on the character of Thomas Paine. It is always paradoxical to me how people can become so exercised over what other people have thought and done who opposed their own ideas, that they become guilty of everything they are trying to prove against their opponent.

Thomas Paine is probably the most neglected man in American history. And his critics express opinions and judgments but not a single opinion or judgment is based upon fact or understanding. The most ardent patriot in America today, the most devout believer in the American system of representative government, the most loyal and patriotic one among us, could never say that Thomas Paine was not one of the most important personalities and one of the finest characters in the area of democratic philosophy the world has ever seen. If they say that, they are historically illiterate. Thomas Paine was in many respects a great pioneer thinker in the field of democratic philosophy, and he had a great tradition for that. He had Mazzini of Italy, Chateaubriand of France, the great tradition of John Stuart Mill and John Milton in his own country, where he was born—England. But the reason for the hatred of Thomas Paine is found in a few vituperous words spoken about him by a man whom I greatly admired and who, in my own young manhood and youth captivated my enthusiasm as few men ever have in my lifetime. Theodore Roosevelt one time in a public address, referred to Thomas Paine as "That filthy little atheist." And though Theodore Roosevelt had his attention authoritatively called to the fact that what he said was untrue, he did not retract his words. Thomas Paine was not filthy; he was not little and he was not an atheist. There was a period in his life when he sank to the

depths of ignominy and shame due to his inability to master the habit of strong drink, but he is not the first or last to have gone through that agonizing experience, and he was not filthy. He was not little; he was a taller man than Roosevelt and had they ever met, Theodore Roosevelt would have had to look up to see Thomas Paine.

Thomas Paine said, "There is no religion higher than truth. The world is my country—to do good is my religion; there is only one God and no more." By no stretch of the finest philosophical imagination a person might possess, would a discriminating intellect say that any man who said that was an atheist. You may say he kept away from the theological controversies of religion, but if you say he denied the fact of God you are not speaking the truth. He was born at a great hour. England was in turmoil —Edward Gibbon was writing "The decline and fall of the Roman Empire" and Boswell was writing his great "Life of Samuel Johnson." The Wesleys, John and Charles, were shaking the very heart of England with a new application of the ethical and moral power of Christianity at its best. Edmund Burke became the champion of the rights of the colonists a few years later, and into this atmosphere came this young man, Thomas Paine. His mother was a devout member of the Anglican Church of England; his father was a Quaker. At the age of 27 he met in a coffee house, Benjamin Franklin—the finest intellect America has yet produced in my estimation. He was much older than Thomas Paine. Something about the young man impressed Franklin.

There were many abuses and violations of the principles of democracy that disturbed Thomas Paine very deeply, and he became so active and vociferous in his antagonisms that Franklin said to him: "We are having a struggle out in the colonies in the western world; why not come and help us in America?" Franklin gave Paine a letter to certain connections in Philadelphia. Paine had spoken in many chapels and in fact had toyed with the idea at one time of becoming a great liberal minister in a free pulpit. He came to America and wrote a pamphlet which was so basic and authoritative, analytical and constructive and true, that it became the source for the crystallization of the thinking of the best minds of the colonies; here was an opportunity for an experiment of the principles and the philosophy of government that was so dear to his heart. The name of the pamphlet was "The Common Cause."

Then came Paine's association with Thomas Jefferson, and there is no doubt whatever but that Thomas Paine had more to do with the Declaration of Independence than any other one man, save Thomas Jefferson. They wrote the first draft together, some of the phraseology was Paine's, and in the midst of that moment he wrote "The Crisis," which begins, "These are the times that try men's souls." George Washington gave copies to his soldiers and said that every man and woman in the Colonies must read it. It did more to win the revolutionary war than any other single factor. The principles are basic principles and nothing has happened to upset them since—they are as eternal today as then. The University of Pennsylvania and the State of Pennsylvania and other friends gave him a little farm at New Rochelle, N.Y., but homesickness drew him back to England, but hardly was he there when a warrant was issued for his arrest by the government. You remember Benjamin Franklin said "Where liberty is, there is my home," but Thomas Paine said, "Where liberty is

not, there is my home." So into France he went next, where no liberty was and at one time he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Finally, reaction came in the failure of the revolution, and restoration under the Royalists and he was thrown into prison and sentenced to the guillotine. But he came back to America and Thomas Jefferson as president, wanted to send an American battleship to bring him back to America. He came back to America and died and was buried on his farm at New Rochelle. History has always sent its saviors a cup of hemlock, a cross—death—then three hundred years later built a monument. Finally Britain said "He was born in England, this great genius of government; we want his body to rest in the soil of Britain." The bones were taken there with acclaim; he upon whose head was the penalty of death while he lived. Later France said "We want him to rest in the Pantheon, beside Victor Hugo and Rousseau." But they found the grave empty and today no one knows where rest the mortal remains of this misunderstood and maligned patriot. Why have the textbooks of America been practically silent about Thomas Paine? Only because he dared to think for himself in religion. Has freedom ever needed courageous thinkers like it needs them now? Make way for freedom! When that freedom dawns, tyranny will die and every form of bondage will pass away and we shall find that freedom in the light of Truth and no man in American history sought for it harder, more courageously than Thomas Paine. P.B.

THE LITERATURE OF OUR FAITH

The two articles following are taken from "Our Faith" published by the Unitarian Fellowship, at Boston, Massachusetts.

There is a great and an increasing need of more tracts on the history of Unitarianism and the subjects which have always been its chief concern. There has been much literature of late of a promotional character. This literature has a distinct value, but it does not serve those many people who are dissatisfied with the dogmas of revealed religion or the many who are completely separated from all churches and yet are hungry for faith.

Whatever the thought of God, or the absence of the thought, there is a yearning for "the one fixed stake."

The custom of prayer may have lapsed but not the need for it.

Religion may have been too much entangled in worldly ecclesiastical institutions, but religion remains a primary necessity of human life.

Jesus may have been lost in creeds and rituals and organizations, but his manner of life is the greatest single hope for a world of order and progress.

Man has been behaving very badly of late, and our despair cries out for a reaffirmation of what man can do and can be.

We want freedom, but outward freedom is far short of inward freedom.

These are subjects which fill the chapters in the history of Unitarianism, and they are subjects which will always confront the minds of men. Have we not something of supreme value to say on these subjects? Did not Unitarianism grow when our tracts set forth the truth as we behold it on these subjects? These are the subjects upon which my distinguished

neighbor, Rufus Jones, is constantly writing, and what he writes multitudes read to their benefit.

I do not plead for a discontinuance of promotional literature but for a much larger output of literature on the essentials of religion, and pure Christianity in particular.—Frederick R. Griffin (Minister Emeritus of First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.)

MY FAITH

I prefer to speak of my "faith" rather than my "creed," because "creed" refers more to intellectual belief, whereas "faith" is belief in action.

First, my faith is in God. I have a deep faith in God as the result of my personal experience and of my intimate pastoral relations with other people. As the years have passed these experiences have made this faith more firm, more deep, more permanent. All the arguments of the humanists and the atheists cannot shake that faith. I know that God exists and I know that He reaches into the minds and hearts and souls of individuals.

Second, my faith owes much to the Bible. The Bible contains man's supreme literature. It deals with varieties of religious experiences which never change. Though not dictated by God, it expresses the thoughts and experiences of men and women who were inspired by God. In view of its fundamental value for our religious faith, the Bible should be the basis of the religious education program in every denomination.

Third, I believe in Jesus. I am not concerned with theological controversy over the way in which the human and divine were united in him. The important thing is that for a short time he was on earth, and that he gave to the world a system of teachings which have persisted through the ages. He portrayed most vividly the human abilities which, with the influence of the divine, make it possible for man to live in accordance with high and noble principles.

Fourth, I believe in Christianity. It has two elements, the teachings of Jesus, and the Church which has preserved and transmitted them. Christianity today includes many varieties of churches and there are many interpretations of the teachings of Jesus. Yet historically they are all traceable to a common source. While my own interpretation and denominational affiliation may differ from those of others, I am part of the great religious movement which is called Christianity.

Such is my faith. It is neither new nor startling. It has grown out of my Unitarian heritage. It finds its support in the teachings of the great Unitarian divines. It is Unitarianism.—Douglas Percy Brayton (Minister of Unitarian churches in Chelmsford and Tyngsborough, Mass.)

BOOK CHATS

WHEN what an author tells us is verified by subsequent history, it is well for us to pay attention when that author writes another book. The first book I am going to discuss in this Book Chat is just such a book. It is entitled "The Steep Places," and is written by that distinguished author, Norman Angell. Norman Angell is the author of one of the most widely read books published in our time—a book called "The Great Illusion." It was translated into more than 20 languages and sold over two million copies. If we had paid some attention to "The Great Illusion" we would not be in the situation we are now in. "The Great Illusion" was published on the eve of the first world war. This book, coming as it does in this hour, is one which every man and woman in the United States should read, from the President down. I wish every member of the United Nations would read it and every member of the Congress. You remember that quotation from Matthew in the New Testament, where we are told that the devils went into the herd and, behold, the whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea and perished in the waters. When the devil gets into people that is what happens. The world is in a steep place today. We have not yet plunged into the sea nor perished in the waters. We are only meeting the steep places and they are pretty steep. Norman Angell reaches another landmark in his exploration of the causes of war, but that isn't all of this book. He goes on and shows the way we can keep our freedom without resorting to war. Before the World Wars that have so upset our civilization, he outlined for us, not that war was unlikely or impossible,—quite the contrary, he said it was likely and it was possible,—but that its prevention was made enormously and unnecessarily difficult by the prevalent idea that conquest brought great economic advantage, insured a country's living space, or its access to raw materials, markets, trade, prosperity; was, in fact, a phase of the struggle for life, for bread. Norman Angell held these ideas to be fallacies. We heard Mr. Mussolini rave about needing more space for the Italian people. That was his justification for Abyssinia. We heard Japan, in her conquest of Manchuria shout the same doctrine, while Hitler talked about breathing space, and when we look at the victorious nations who won both of those world wars and see their economic plight today and their industrial upheaval, it would be pretty difficult for anyone to maintain that wars bring any kind of permanent economic stability.

What Norman Angell does is to probe more deeply into human behavior. Why do men become possessed of such fallacies as these? Why is man so blind to objective fact while a person on one ideological side sees a given object as black and a person equally sincere on the other side sees it as white? From these, irrepressible conflicts are inevitable. In an age of atomic weapons, an absolute dictatorship in command of vast populations and unlimited resources, fanatically convinced of a holy mission to save mankind confronts a loose group of democracies possessing no equivalent unity of faith or organization, who have blundered twice into wars to de-

fend freedoms which the crusading dictators regard as dangerous heresies, threatening their own security. That is exactly the situation today. Even Hitler anticipated this by saying, you will recall, in a Berlin speech, that if the democracies won the war, they would never profit by it, because they would fall to fighting among themselves and dissipate their own victory. Hitler and Mussolini must be enjoying the present situation, confirming the old adage, "He laughs best who laughs last." But it is not too late to do something about it. If war results a third time, and I am not one who is going to succumb to any hysteria about this matter whatever, it will be due, as Norman Angell says, as much to the failure of western nations to understand their own motives and purposes as to the threats of Russia, whose power and policy stems mainly from the fact of our western disunity. There is no united democratic front, as there is a united Communist front, and we must seek for an explanation within ourselves for some of these things. We do not have any difficulty understanding Russia. I think everybody knows what Russia is trying to do. But it is high time that the democracies indicated by a definite straight-from-the-shoulder policy as to what they want and propose to do. There must be an understanding of ourselves; what we want most, and what we are prepared to pay for it. Before the war we said, and in a sense believed, we wanted most of all, peace. People are saying it today; saying it throughout all the democracies, that they want peace; but what we did the last time proved that what we said was not true. What we wanted more than peace was security for our way of life. Had we realized this earlier and more clearly, there need have been no second war. For we would have taken definitely and strongly at the time it should have been done, a position. Confusions about our purposes and the means of their achievement now paralyze effective use of our own power for preventing war, cause us to distort in our minds the nature of democracy, freedom and justice, and reject some of the indispensable conditions of their survival. So in this book the author throws new light on the place of power in free societies, its function as a guarantor of rational discussion; on power politics generally, imperialism, future of the British Empire, Anglo-American relations, United Nations, socialism, capitalism and communism. It deals with the tendency of educated men to defy fact. And what is the consequence of that? Well, just take an example for instance. Here were learned Germans. The German people were educated people, a people advanced in science and in business, industry, art, philosophy, religion, who, living with a minority group, elaborated theories of race which now read like the ravings of mad men. While the most tragic fact, perhaps, connected with the growth of those causes which finally resulted in war, was the lack of interest of the people in the government. Those countries where dictators were most triumphant and successful were the countries where the people manifested the least interest in their government, in spite of their education, their knowledge and their philosophers. We must face these things within ourselves and our own situation, and if we do, we need have no fear for what the future hath of marvel or surprise.

* * *

Now I am going to do something I seldom do—talk about one of my own books. I have written seven books, two of which have become best sellers, one of which is a small book of meditations given at my church services, and one a book of daily inspirational

readings. The other books are inspirational in character and are the overflowing of my life and experiences in trying to give encouragement and help to people along the way. So many people have written in, inquiring about my books, that I thought it might be appropriate to tell you of my last book which I called "New Wealth For You." You know there are various kinds of wealth—and some is more lasting than others—at least it is more permanent and cannot be taken from you; and that of course is the kind I refer to in the title—"New Wealth For You." The book starts out with a chapter on "New Courage For a New Day." As I always begin every new year with a talk on Courage, it seemed a good way to start the book. The week before one of these annual talks on courage, I received a letter from a woman in which she said "On next Sunday morning when you talk on courage, I am going to see that it is perfectly quiet in the house, with no interruptions at all, and I am going to sit right up close to my radio and pretend that you are speaking just to *me*." That letter did something to me. She had described a personal tragedy in her life, and how she was battling against some of the stubborn obstacles that were seeking to destroy her and hers. That letter made me see that if one individual could feel that my address was being spoken directly to her individual heart with its personal problems, certainly others would feel the same way. And so in writing this book, and with every book I have written, I have tried to make it a very individual message right straight to the reader—something to be of practical help in molding and adjusting your life so that it may be made of real value to you in the place where you find yourself at the very moment you read my message. There is one chapter which I called "Three Cheers For Youth!" It has been a great source of inspiration and delight to me, and a surprise as well, to have so many letters from young people recently, for there is so much of hope for our nation and the future of the world in the young people who are really interested in developing themselves toward a full and beautiful life—a life that really counts for something.

In this book I have analyzed some of our phychological difficulties, which are of heightened importance today; the need of affirmation, the nature of success; and I have tried to show what can be achieved on a day-to-day basis, for, in what the individual can do remains the hope of the future. I have tried to make the reader feel what is his part in the world of tomorrow. And if you are beset—and who is not these days — with anxiety about changing world conditions, and if you feel, as many people do, that freedom of action for the individual has become so circumscribed that the best anyone can do is to look out strictly for himself, and if your immediate future is filled with terror and uncertainty, then this book was written for you.

"New Wealth For You" is a small book, of only 164 pages, published by Stokes Company in a very pleasing format and makes an ideal gift to any adult, and might serve as a graduation gift to some young friend, if one wanted to give a modest gift. There are just an even dozen chapters, some of which are *Bedrock Anchorage — The Great Affirmation — They Did, You Can! — Contemplating Matrimony — From Rut to Root:* I like the definite description of that title—it rather exemplifies my own rule for living I think, and in this chapter I have a good deal to say about personality, which so many wrote in and asked me to enlarge upon after one of my recent broadcasts, and also something about rising

above our handicaps. There is a chapter which I called *To Hang On, Let Go!*

You know when I was a boy I lived in the country, so I know all about ruts. And there are just two things you can do when you are in a rut. You can stay in it—or you can get out of it. And the same applies to the ruts of life. You can stay in it and so lose all the zest of life by becoming, for instance, so self-centered that everybody is wrong but you. In such a rut, the whole world is out of joint; the only one who is right is you. And once grooved into that attitude, such an outlook does something to you. Something so disastrous that when you are finally through with life and its ruts, the onlookers merely remark "How natural he looks!"—and nothing more. Nobody mourns. More probably someone will say: "Well, that is the end of him!" A far better way than this is to get out of the rut, soon and for good. How? . . . Well, in driving the old buggy, we used to watch the rut very carefully, and hold the horse so firmly that when we came to a little rise—for every rut is uneven—we just coaxed those wheels over onto that—and presto! there we were again, over on better and higher ground! So it can be with life, when there has seemed so much monotony, so much sameness to it, that it is just about ruining you, leaving you all shut up in yourself. Watch closely and you will come, presently, to a little rise along the way. That rise may be a church, it may be a public meeting; it may be a friend; it may be someone who understands you and loves you. It may be a bit of music—an appealing picture—some trivial thing along the way of life. But if you'll seize it, that rise can bring you out of a rut. Yes, the occasion itself may seem utterly trivial or accidental. Yet, if you will just take advantage of it, its spirit and beauty may be so overpowering that it may completely redirect your loyalties and interests, so that you finally do get out of the grim groove you've been in. There's a chapter about "Creative Power" and one about the Inner Need. I have devoted a short chapter to "Behold the Book" in which I briefly discuss the Bible and how it originated, for I have received so many letters down the years showing how *many* people, though there has been a Bible in their home from childhood, yet they have had no idea as to how it originated—have known nothing about its history—and in this chapter I have dealt with some facts, in which I think many of you will be interested. I have also included in this book, "New Wealth For You," some definitions from men in various walks of life as to what religion is to them—these I think you will find very interesting. Finally, those of my readers who have found help and inspiration from my broadcasts and sermons may also find refreshment of spirit and help and inspiration in this book "New Wealth For You."

* * *

The next book I have chosen for this Book Chat, because of its environment, its sheer loveliness, its beauty, would easily fit into the framework of conversational character, and I almost wish we were in a small room together, with a friendly fire burning away in the fireplace, and just informally sitting around talking. It is about something very beautiful and very lovely. It is a refreshing experience in the field of lecturing in this day of so many books that are confusing and complicated and sometimes a little categorical in which the writers try to bring to us the drama of the world today, its heartaches, its insecurity—it is refreshing to pick up a book that is a prose poem; that does

not try to solve any of the problems at all that are so pressing, but in a quiet and friendly way holds a picture up to some phases of human nature and human life, and without having any great thesis to expound or philosophy to promulgate, takes us through the life of some very simple people who are about like us in their emotional life. We find our common kinship in those quieter areas.

The title of the book is "So Dear to My Heart," by Sterling North. It is his fourth novel. Thus far, Sterling North has not struck the popular note, and none of his novels thus far has achieved wide reading. None of them have been considered too favorably by the critics of great works of literature; but it will probably not be too long before Sterling North will write for us that which by the great standards of literature will be accepted as great literature. Having known Mr. North for about fifteen years, rather intimately in the early years, I happen to know that personally he has some very pronounced convictions in the field of economics and of the world, but he has never felt the imperative of using his opinions in his books. And he has some very definite convictions, too. He is a true liberal in every respect, but he hasn't found it necessary to incorporate his convictions in his novels. I feel that he will in the future and perhaps it might be well if he did. But in all his novels he has kept away from the attitude of the preacher—the moralist —and dealing with the problems of the world.

The first novel that he wrote was "Ploughing on Sunday," which had something to do with the elementaries in nature. Then "Seven Against the Years," which few people read—and then, I think I am giving them in the correct sequence, that novel that had a deep undertone in it, and much more of a spiritual quality than the book I am reviewing tonight, which he gave the very beautiful title of "Night Outlasts the Whippoorwill." Now he has given us the book, "So Dear to My Heart." I think most novelists write best about those things with which they are most familiar. And in this book, Sterling North has gone into an area which he knows best, and, therefore, there is reality in every line of the book. It could be classified with the great novels of the soil. He laid the scene of the story in Indiana, where Granny Kincaid would fit — an early Anglo-Saxon type of immigrant of a puritanical culture, very religious, but whose life never had much sweetness in it. It was almost a religion of "Thou Shalt Not." The story starts in 1903 and covers from spring to summer. It is not involved in intricate plot or overpeopled with characters. I think there are spots of writing in it that almost achieve literary art at its best. To me, anything is a work of art which, when I come into contact with it and give it an honest and fair trial, awakens within me a similarity of emotion which the man felt who produced it. It is laid in Fulton Corners, a whistle stop on the railroad. Just outside the town is Cat's Hollow, where live the Kincaids and the Tarltons. There was an intermarriage between the two families, one of which was wealthy and the other not. Of that wedlock there was born a son, who becomes the central figure of the story. The mother and father were burned in a fire in the barn and the little boy, Jeremiah Kincaid, was left in Granny Kincaid's care. Granny had developed a hatred of everything Tarlton, and the little boy had been born in a feud. Granny had a passage of scripture for every occasion, and I notice that all the scripture she quoted

was pretty largely from the Old Testament; not much love in it, full of vengeance and jealousy. That is off-set in the book by introducing some of the old folk-lore and songs which are a part of the history of that section of the country.

The first introduction of Jerry to the Kincaid-Tarlton strain was when he fell in love with a little bull calf that belonged to one of the Tarltons, and the old lady couldn't stand for the child to love a Tarlton person, much less a calf, so she wouldn't let him have the calf. He was going to run away but that didn't materialize and then it was lambing time and when one of the ewes had twins, one of which was black, Granny found a way to blame that onto the Tarltons and she was going to let the little black lamb die. But Jerry begged for it so hard that she let him bring it up. Its own mother wouldn't feed it, so Jerry fed it from a bottle. It was one of those rich comradeships that a boy can have with a lamb or a dog. No boy who has ever loved a lamb or a dog will be cruel in later life. There came the time of the Fair and Jerry's Uncle Hiram told him how they could enter the lamb at the stock show, but Granny began to quote scripture and she wasn't going to have Jerry go where there was gambling. But Jerry and his Uncle Hiram gathered and sold sassafras roots until the grocer couldn't take any more; then they followed bees and found a bee tree and sold honey and finally had enough money to go to the Fair. Then the lamb disappeared, and Granny was sure it was God's will, but Jerry didn't agree to that. He dreamed the lamb was calling him through the storm. Then he awoke to reality, but he finally found the lamb full of brambles, in a cave. They finally appealed to Granny's pride and got her to go to the Fair and display some coverlets she had made. The lambs at the Fair were pedigree stock, and here was Jerry with poor little Danny Patch—that was his lamb's name; Jerry knew who the mother of Danny was, but not the father. Jerry brought in Danny and all the time he kept saying the Twenty-third Psalm. While he was saying it a boy went by with a blue ribbon on his lamb. But then the Judge said: "Just a minute, everybody; something wonderful has happened today. The finest wool, and the finest texture, and the finest lamb we have today is the lamb offered by Jerry Kincaid, and we are going to do something we haven't done in years; we are going to award him a special award of merit, the highest and best honor we can give. His lamb is black; you know that is difficult. The pedigree is defective. But the quality is there; look at those shoulders; and never has there been such wool. And Jerry's prayer finished—"my cup runneth over." Even Granny was in high heaven, and Fulton Corners held a reception for Jerry; his Uncle told him how his father was a hero and his mother a heroine, and that he was heir to the Tarlton plantation, and Granny "was so happy she was miserable." There's a lot of humanity in the story; a lot of hidden, deep, beautiful things, and above all is the attitude of kindness of Jerry for his lamb.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

(Our Caribbean cruise continued from June Liberalist)

THAT Wednesday morning we sailed out of Havana Harbor we were glad to leave the excessive heat of the city—the wharf, the harbor in our wake, and be under way again on the lovely blue sea, headed for Honduras. We lounged most of the day in deck chairs, weary from the heat and city streets of Cuba. In the late afternoon the sea grew a little rough, but not too much so, and we enjoyed it. Cuba and her mountains faded in the distance, blending into the sky, and also the several islands we had hazy vision of.

There was a movie show on the upper deck in the evening. The picture was "How Green Was My Valley." We had seen it long ago, but enjoyed viewing it again, and passed a pleasant evening.

Thursday the Caribbean was slightly ruffled, just enough to be delightful. Everyone sought their staterooms early that evening, as they wanted to be up with the dawn to watch our entrance into the harbor of La Ceiba, Honduras.

I have never looked upon such a superb scene! Mountains so dark they were black as onyx outlined against the sky—quickly the light changed to silvery dawn—the sky brightened to blue and the morning star still twinkled brilliantly. The mountain tops in jagged points rose high above the streamers of thin, filmy c l o u d s (like chiffon, I thought) floating between the mountains and us. Suddenly, as though a fairy queen waved her wand, the peaks and crags were flooded with rose and violet and pink light;—so gloriously beautiful I know we fairly held our breath while gazing at this grandeur and mystery of the rising sun, turning the rugged mountains into day! Dark rock, rough-hewn, with very little verdure, the foothills seem very close to the shore (doubtless much farther than one would think), and the inhabitable strip of land stretching between the mountains and the white sand beach, scalloped and darkened at the water's edge by the waves gently rolling in, seems to be quite narrow to the eye, viewing it from the ship.

There was no hurry or bustle or noise. Men on the wharf moved slowly about—probably only half awake so early. We dressed hurriedly and went in to breakfast. We were to board a train at the head of the dock at eight o'clock, taking us a two-hour trip to the Salada River, where a boat would be waiting to take us (about fifty of the passengers from the steamer) for a trip through the jungle. The train, composed of two coaches and a baggage car—the latter to carry the huge hampers of lunch—had a small engine that choo-chooed and whistled along like a child's toy, but it ran quite fast, passing through cocoanut groves and miles of palm trees and plantations. There were morning glories of all colors growing wild, twining and climbing over bushes and around tree trunks, making a bower of the countryside, and never have I seen in Florida or conservatories

anywhere, such large, beautiful double Hibiscus of the most expuisite pink imaginable, as I saw growing wild on huge bushes on the shore of the Salada River —right in the jungle! The river is narrow, the boat was wide and flat, with a top over it to protect us from the scorching sun. It is a bit disconcerting to be looking with delight at water Hyacinths, purple-blue-pink, just like those we buy in pots for a good price at Eastertime, growing lavishly along the water's edge, and then a group of black fig trees catches your eye and you notice dark spots among the branches—then the spots begin to move, swing to a lower bough or climb up higher, and you see they are monkeys, large and small, all sizes, gorging themselves with black figs! M-o-n-k-e-y-s, and lovely hyacinths bordering their domain!

We finally stopped at a large cocoanut grove, several young men running the boat jumped ashore and made the boat fast with ropes they tied to nearby trees; then they took a couple of planks from the boat and laid them across from boat to shore and helped us to land by walking the plank. Walking through this cocoanut grove, trees growing straight and tall in white sand, we reached a pavilion. Here there were deck chairs and benches, and dressing rooms for those who brought their swimming togs to don them for a swim in the—impossible as it may seem—Caribbean! By some queer geographical twist we had—though two hours' ride by train from our steamer, come to lunch and swim at a perfect white sand beach on the Caribbean! It was cool and restful to sit in the shade of the pavilion and look at the blue waters of the sea, as the breakers, white-frosted, rolled in, and stewards from ship, who had accompanied the party, served lunch of various sandwiches, cheese, cookies, fruit, hard-boiled eggs and soft drinks. It was tasty and everybody hungry!

Back to the "jungle boat" (I call it), down the river we went to another landing and there, surprisingly, our little train stood waiting to take us back to the ship at La Ceiba! This day's outing was full of surprises! When we reached the "Cefalu" we just had time for a bath and to change our clothes for dinner, and after dinner we were going up into the town for the evening. We must pause here to look into the Mail Bag, and I shall tell of our evening in La Ceiba the next time I write.

* * *

Many of our readers may remember an interesting letter in the Mail Bag early this year from a Miss Carrie Knause, of Saint Louis, Michigan, who, though well beyond middle age, does her own gardening, cans quantities of fruit and vegetables, and does other work, as well as giving her time and attention to teen-age youths of her community. They come in large numbers gladly to her farm home, there to receive instruction, inspiration and friendship from this remarkable woman. She reads good literature to these young folks, or magazine articles that are educational as well as interesting, then they all sing, and play games and have light refreshments before they go home, enriched in mind and spirit. Well, here is another lovely letter from Miss Knause:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I want to thank you for the two copies of The Liberalist, which arrived this afternoon. I am sure you cannot imagine my surprise at finding my letter printed in the February number. My sincere thanks to Mrs. Bradley for her very kind words, but I am not the 'remarkable woman' she pictures me to be. It is only because I have learned,—or am learning,—to draw upon 'resources not

my own' that I am able to do what I am doing. Dr. E. Stanley Jones says, 'Prayer digs a channel from the reservoir of God's exhaustless resources to the tiny pools of our lives.' When we keep that channel open, we are 'able for anything' as Moffatt puts it,—able to do anything God wants us to do, able to meet confidently and without fear any difficulty or sorrow He allows to come upon us. I am convinced that nothing can touch me without His permission, but He loves me too much to deprive me of the experiences that will mean growth and greater efficiency, greater ability to help others, as I meet the experiences in His strength. Such a wonderful sense of security this assurance gives one! If only we could make people see how worth while and satisfying life becomes when we place it wholly at the disposal of God.

"I enjoyed very much the article about Dr. Albert Schweitzer in the March magazine. I am sure I shall enjoy many other things in both of them. I have always been very, very fond of reading, but now I read so slowly because of failing sight, and my life is such a busy one, that I can do little reading beyond that necessary in my work with the children, but I can do a little. I am very thankful for that.

"But I am most thankful for this privilege of working with the boys and girls. The 94 and 96 of November and December increased to 112 and 119 this month and last. It is not easy by any means, but I do not work alone. Indeed I like to think of myself as just a little girl helping my Heavenly Father as best I can in His efforts to lift this sorrowing, suffering world into a better and happier life, doing under His direction and in His strength a little bit of the work He cannot do without human help, and finding wonderful enrichment and satisfaction in my own life by the doing of it.

"I thank you for the copies of your addresses that you asked your sponsors to send me in response to my request in my former letter. It is always a disappointment if I have to miss one of your broadcasts. I wish there were more like them.

"May God bless both you and Mrs. Bradley in the work you are doing.

Very sincerely,

Carrie Knause."

* * *

For fear I have already overrun my space, I must "sign off"—Happy summer days to you all!

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Sunset on Lake Vermilion

Sunset on Lake Vermilion,
God turning water to wine,
Flashes of inspiration
Filtering through the pine.

There's a glamor to the gloaming
And a halo on the hill,
When the harvest moon is rising
And the lake is calm and still.

Trees a-sloping into sleeping,
Moonlight stretching on the strand,
Waves, like tired children, cuddling
In the hollow of God's hand.

Moonlight on Lake Vermilion,
A coverlet soft, divine,
The silence of benediction
Settling upon the pine.

W. J. Griffith
Hebron Presbyterian Church
Chicago, Illinois

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

37th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD). During the church season from the middle of September to the middle of June ..... 11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.
(The 37th season of The Peoples Church will open Sunday, September 19th, at 11:00 o'clock.)
During the summer while the church is closed Dr. Bradley will be heard in a 15-minute sermon by electrical transcription over WJJD every Sunday morning ..... 11:00 to 11:15 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (From first Sunday in November through Easter Sunday—not broadcast) ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—During the church season, meets in Anderson Hall, with classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL—During the church season, every Friday (Auditions 7:30 p.m.), Church auditorium. Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director ..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Meets every other Monday in Anderson Hall. Summer events by special notice from the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Paul Raabe, 215 N. Washington St., Park Ridge, Ill. Park Ridge 624-M. ..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall. Summer events by special notice from the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elsie L. Sykora, 618 Arlington St., Chicago 14, Ill. ..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday of each month in Anderson Hall. During the summer, for information, write the Secretary, Harold Hansen, 2218 Carmen Avenue (25) Edg. 5998 ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHER'S CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall. For information write Frank J. Mason, Sec., 4935 Broadway (40) Edg. 3519 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club, the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. For information write the Secretary, Miss Mary Nordstrom, 7737 Hortense St. (31) New. 7185 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL—Meets second Monday of each month in Anderson Hall during church season 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Anderson Hall. Rose Marie Lucas, Corr. Sec., 840 Lakeside Pl. (40) Edg. 8871 ..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall during Church season. Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 5742 ..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Summer season, June 18th through September 18th. Luzern Garden Theatre, Lake Geneva, Wis. 'Phone Lake Geneva 9. Transportation by bus, C. & N. W. train and automobile. Complete schedule on page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—For the Summer, June 20th through September 12th, a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley by electrical transcription over WJJD ..... 11 to 11:15 a.m.

During the church season, from the middle of September to the middle of June, the entire church service is broadcast from the pulpit of the church by WJJD ..... 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

WGN—Beginning September 20th, Dr. Bradley will be heard for his twelfth season with the same sponsor and over the same station, Monday through Friday—WGN ..... 6:00 p.m.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

1149 N. LaSalle Street **Michigan 7766**

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

* * *

Second Season at Summer Headquarters

LUZERN GARDEN THEATRE

The Theatre Under the Stars

LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN

JULY SCHEDULE

PLAY	DATES OF PRESENTATION
"THE LATE GEORGE APLEY"	July 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12
"CAROUSEL"—Recital Version	July 6, 7, 8, 13
"THEATRE"	July 16, 17, 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26
"ANTIGONE"	July 20, 21, 22, 27
"I REMEMBER MAMA"	July 30, 31, Aug. 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 9

* * *

AUGUST SCHEDULE

"I REMEMBER MAMA"	August 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 9
"OUR TOWN"	August 3, 4, 5, 10
"VOICE OF THE TURTLE"	August 13, 14, 15, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23
"NIGHT OF JANUARY 16"	August 17, 18, 19, 24
"ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST"	August 27, 28, 29, 30, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6
"THE LITTLE FOXES"	August 31

* * *

SEPTEMBER SCHEDULE

"THE LITTLE FOXES"	September 1, 2, 7, 8, 9
"ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST"	September 3, 4, 5, 6
"PORTRAIT IN BLACK"	September 10, 11, 12, 13, 17, 18
"BRIGADOON"—Recital Version	September 14

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